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A SOUL FOR ART.

Scene, Water Color Exhibition.

Fair One: I DO LOVE WATER COLORS SO MUCH MORE THAN OIL PAINTINGS. YOU CAN ALWAYS SEE YOURSELF IN THE GLASS.



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Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

LAST Wednesday Thomas A. Edison, the inventor, got married. His entrance in a new sphere of usefulness is noted by thousands of married men in our own and foreign countries. It is hoped that when his powerful mind is turned to domestic life many of the drawbacks to the duplex state will be removed. Men now living expect to touch a knob and have the dog bite the mother-in-law; to pull a small crank around to "A" and have the curl papers fall out of the waiting-maid's hair; to further advance it to "B" and "C" and produce other gratifying results; all as the outcome of Mr. Edison's new experience. "Domesticus" struck by lightning would be Mr. Edison's noblest monument.

MR. BONNER declares he had almost as lief part with one of his sons as with Maud S. The public is invited to draw what inference it will as to the relative speed of the mare and the young Bonners. Not quite so fast as Maud, we think.

MR. EGGERS, who made a living hauling visitors through Central Park in carriages and sleighs, complains feelingly of Park Commissioner Crimmins, who has ruled a number of his sleighs off the course. Mr. Eggers says the Commissioner's action has ruined his business; that he paid \$250 a year for his park privileges, and they brought him in an income of \$50,000. If these figures are not wrong, Mr. Eggers is, indeed, an outraged innocent, who should take to a milk diet and mix his tears with Jacob Sharp's.

IT seems after all that there is a difference 'twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

Mr. Stead became a convict, while Sir Charles Dilke was vindicated.

The impartial observer will doubtless perceive that a Baronetcy in the great British nobility is of value to a man, as well as note that silence is indeed golden.

If Sir Charles Dilke, like Mr. Stead, had made such harrowing and scandalous revelations concerning a member of the aristocracy as he was doubtless fully capable of making, the result might have been different.

The moral, do n't tell all you know, is obvious.

THE fight against Monopoly is still being bitterly waged in our midst, and Justice, though "going it blind," is really well up in contest.

The reporters of the *World*, ably assisted by Mr. Conkling, are doing great and good work by their quiet, unassuming methods of work. The aldermen and important witnesses come daily primed with the very information these gentlemen want, because they know from Mr. Conkling's hints, duly leaded and published by the *World*, just what questions are likely to be asked. This facilitates the work greatly, and discoveries fairly bubble under the ministrations of these able aides of the law.

This method likewise is a most equitable one, giving the suspected a chance to clear himself either physically or otherwise, the truth of which is shown by the large aldermanic exodus of the past few weeks.

Let this good work proceed, and before long Mr. Conkling's trumpet blast and the *World's* patent scamp discoverer will scare every scallawag from our State beyond the reach of a subpoena.

* * *

IS it not a sorrowful and harrowing thing to see the veterans of the late war in each other's hair, or scarifying one another's scalps with scratches? Why should General Dana at this late day say that Editor Sherman, though a good fighter, cannot write treaties? And why must Sherman, stirred by this painful truth, call back "Spy!" General Sherman's fame does not rest upon his penmanship, nor is it in the least discreditable to Mr. Dana that, though somewhat dependent upon his spectacles, he is, and always has been, aware of what was going on around him. Mr. Dana has got a newspaper and must be thumping some one to make it sell. He is excusable; but Gen. Sherman's readiness to abandon the sword for the mightier pen implies an opinion of his own entire greatness which must injure the popular estimate of his modesty. Gen. Sherman has got the pleasantest position in the country. He has earned his pay and gets it regularly without further work. He has special rights in the matter of kissing girls and "sassing" reporters, in which he has no rival. Mr. Dana has to work for his living, and cannot kiss any young woman, however lovely, without proving relationship or getting a dispensation on other proper grounds. It is natural that he should envy General Sherman and wish to thump him; and it is no more than right that General Sherman, under the circumstances, should bear with his infirmities. As a further incentive to forbearance, General Sherman may recall that Mr. Dana, though a tremendous kicker, almost invariably kicks the beneficiary upstairs. Can it be that a retired general officer will be Mr. Cleveland's successor?



BY THE INDUCTIVE METHOD.

Miss Lucy: IT WAS BITTER COLD COMING HOME; I DROVE DOWN THE AVENUE WITH HORATIO IN A CUTTER AND EACH OF US FROZE AN EAR.

All Present (interrupting in chorus): OH, YES! THE OUTSIDE EAR!

A GOOD DEAL BETTER THAN A PLEDGE.

SMITH: "What on earth are those things you are eating?"

Jones: "Dried apples."

S: "Do they taste good?"

J: "No."

S: "Are n't they indigestible?"

J: "Yes."

S: "Then what the deuce are you eating them for?"

J: "Does n't Jack give us his ante-nuptial, farewell bachelor dinner to-night?"

S: "Is that why you are filling up with withered vegetable matter now?"

J: "Slower, my boy; let me whisper a word to thee. Would n't I be apt to drink more than is strictly advisable?"

S: "It has been done."

J: "Ah! now you have the combination. Dried apples swell when they are wet, do n't they? If I drink I'll be apt to wet them, won't I? It would be deucedly unpleasant to swell up like a toad-fish—to explode, perhaps, like a toy balloon, would n't it? Then I probably won't drink, will I?"

And my head will feel perfectly comfortable in the morning, and I'll be able to eat something more nourishing than ice water for breakfast, and I'll be down at my office at nine o'clock, and my eyes won't be red.

"It's a good idea, old fellow. I'm going to mention it to the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It's away ahead of their Free Ice Water Fountains.

C. R. H.

AN ex-bank officer writes home that "Canada has no rival." He has overlooked Sing Sing.

THE approach of the dog days may always be noted by watching the phenomena of the sky.

SHE once was washing dishes,
But her papa 'mid the fishes—

'Mid the "suckers" down in Wall street struck a snap.

And she now wears silk and satin,
And is studying French and Latin,

With a poodle dog a-nestling in her lap.



A HOT-HOUSE SPRING POEM.

IN the spring the equinoctial blizzards thro' the thawing town;
In the spring in little tubfuls gentle showers empty down;
In the spring the happy plumber calculates his winter's plumb,
And the bills for frozen piplets to papa begin to come.

MR. DANA was heard singing a sentimental ditty the other day, concluding:

"We really know our worth,
The Sun and I."

This is a great combination for two cents!

THERE is an old saw which demands that the devil should be given his dew.
Poor fellow, he must need it.

IT is very nearly time for Louis Kossuth to inflict his regular annual obituary on the reading public.
If we remember rightly, it is at least a year since he died the last time.

IT is said that King Thebaw's sword, which has just been brought to London, is beautifully chased.
The same thing happened to Thebaw himself if we have read history correctly.

THE *Tribune* avers that cranks, like children, have a convenient way of telling the truth.
We had not noticed this in the editor of the *Tribune*.

"NO TIME HERE."

A Warning from the Sanctum.

THE poets that bloom in the spring,
Tra-la,
Will find it still winter up here,
They'd best take the songs that they sing,
Tra-la,
To those that like that sort of thing,
Tra-la,
And that is n't "we uns" we fear.
And that's what we mean when we say or we sing
Tra-la-la there young poets that bloom in the spring,
Tra-la-la-la lala,
Tra-la-la-la lala,
Tra-la-la-la letcetera.

KING LUDWIG of Bavaria refuses to speak to anybody.

Bavaria now ranks as a King-dumb.—*Intercepted Punch-let.*

A DISLOCATED back-bone, Mr. President, is worse than a bull in a china shop.

EX-PRESIDENT HAYES is said to be meditating a *coop-d'etat*.

CHICAGO has the biggest collection of ghosts in the United States.

We have noticed that Chicago editors frequently act as if they were under the influence of spirits of some kind.

FERDINAND DE LESSEPS has arrived at Colon.

As the renowned canalist is a very old man we fear he will soon reach his period.

THE *Sun's* war papers turned out to be veritable chestnuts after all.

Still, the *Sun* strikes a good average. It is very often just a little too fresh.

A PHILADELPHIA contemporary of February 16th remarks that "Banjo and sleighing parties are *de rigueur* in New York just now."

This is encouraging. The Philadelphians have reached the middle of January, and will doubtless get as far as Washington's Birthday in time for a combination celebration with July 4th.

REVISED quotation. The Attorney-General's office is a public distrust.

TELEGRAPHIC.

EX-SHERIFF DAVIDSON was seen last

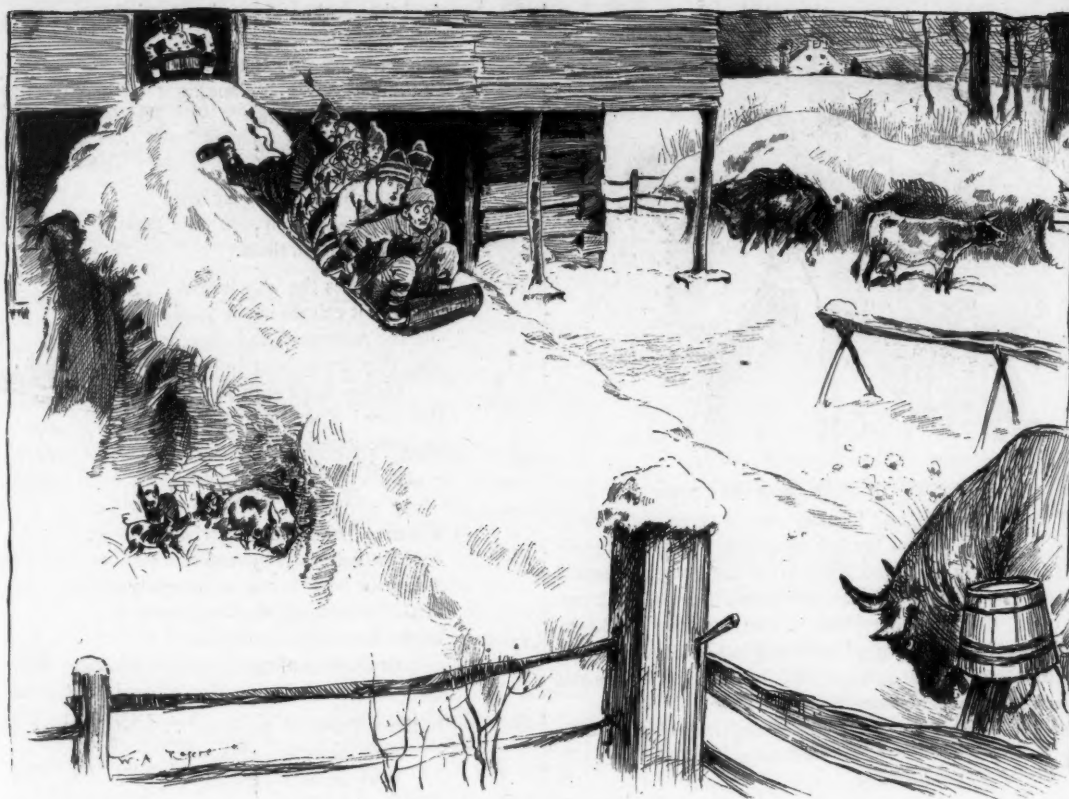
	Montreal	
	Washington	
	Saratoga	
	Jersey City	
night at	10 o'clock	by a
	a saloon in Mott street	
	White Sulphur Springs	
	Jacksonville, Florida,	

friend, who can positively swear to his identity.

He has shaved off his moustache.

This is encouraging to justice.

J. K. Bangs.



"IT WAS AN AWFUL MOMENT."

A TOBOGGAN SLIDE AT PIGNAPOKE.

EDITOR LIFE:

SIR—It has been some time since I have confided to you the triumphs and trials of our Little Culture Society; but we are still persevering in our work.

It was only last week that the charming Lucretia came into my store with a scheme for a toboggan slide, which was so practical and withal so suited to the limited means of our society that I entered into it enthusiastically.

There was a long stack of straw in the Chillinghart barnyard that extended down the hill from the barn almost to the gateway. This was shaped into a steep slide, starting from the door of the haymow. Uncle Obadiah, Bounaparte Spratt and myself accomplished this work, with the assistance of Lucretia, who handles a pitchfork almost as well as I. A deep snow came a day or two later, and the slide was complete.

Meanwhile we prepared our tobogganing suits and sent to an uncle of Miss Chillinghart's, a banker who was spending the winter in Canada, for a toboggan. Our costumes, I assure you, were just such as are described in the papers as used at the slide in Saratoga.

Lucretia used two of the best pairs of blankets from the spare bed for her suit, and I had a small, single, red blanket

made up for myself. Miss Prudence Persymon carried the idea of using bed clothing still further by making a suit out of an old-fashioned patchwork quilt. When the toboggan arrived we gathered as quietly as possible at the slide. We wanted to test our slide before inviting any guests.

We had all climbed onto the haymow when Uncle Obadiah called me to one side and whispered that he "was feared dey war gwine to be trebble," as he had seen Abe Jolly hanging around back of the barn.

But our little society was not to be frightened by Mr. Jolly, and we all bundled onto the toboggan.

I took the post of danger in front, and with Lucretia and our other members behind me and Bounaparte steering, we got under way.

We were flying straight and true half way down the straw stack when I saw the huge outline of Squire Chillinghart's famous bull, with head down and tail high in air, directly in front of us.

It was an awful moment.

There was only one thing to be done, and with Lucretia's arm around me, I threw all my weight (and her's) to the right, and over the side of the strawstack we went in a heap. I had no sooner regained my feet than the huge beast, enraged at my red flannel suit, singled me out and rushed at



HIS LACK OF CHIVALRY CONQUERED HIM.

me. I ran for my life, and leaping over a stone wall at the back of the barn, almost landed upon the crouching figure of Abe Jolly. He had a pitchfork in his hand and pretended to be very sorry for our mishap, and drove the bull back out of the yard. But his inborn lack of chivalry conquered him when he saw Miss Persymon in the old bed-quilt, and he exploded into one of his guffaws and disappeared across the field writhing in vulgar merriment.

The ladies have not recovered from their fright sufficiently for me to say if the slide will be continued.

Very respectfully,

Algernon McGump.

THE MUSIC OF THE TONGUES.

MAIDENS' tongues; how they rattle!

What a never-ending battle
With the silence of the air!

They have neither shame nor fear,

Nor the sign of an idea;

But they tell you all about it,

They will scream it,

They will shout it,

In the flapping

And the clapping

Of their tongues.

They are demons,

They are ghouls,

They are little human fools,

Fools, fools, fools;

Heavens, how they chin!

And their voices, are n't they thin?

How they rasp and how they harrow

As they pierce your very marrow

Like a knife!

And you tremble when you feel,

As your brain begins to reel,

That she might have been

Your wife.

And those other ones—the married—

How they chin it!

What a glory they take in it!

In the never-ending clanging

And the banging

And the whanging

Of their tongues.

How she beats it at your head

Until you wish that you were dead,

Dead, dead, dead.

Till it shakes the very house,

Till it echoes in the yard.

Oh, the resonance and clangor!

You'd give anything to bang her

On the head with something hard.

But hark! There are two

Or more together; and their voices

Getting thinner, getting higher

Higher, higher,

Till they form a surging river;

And the rafters sway and quiver—

And your head is rent and reeling

With the rushing, swelling ocean of

Discordance that is pealing,

Pealing, pealing

On the palpitating air.

In the stillness of the dawn they begin,

And they chin, chin, chin,

With an ever-growing din

Until far into the night,

When the clinging

And the clanging

And the bling, blang, whanging

Of their voice is at rest;

For they sleep.



LOVE AND REASON.

MR. HOWELLS has made reparation to journalism for the vulgarity of *Bartley Hubbard*. In "Indian Summer" (Ticknor & Co.) he has portrayed a most delightful Mugwump editor, who is a refined and intelligent gentleman. The pleasure of meeting such a character in fiction is akin to one's memory of the elder *Newcome*. You are in the atmosphere of delicate courtesy and kindness which is something more than simple "good form."

This character of *Colville* is a most artistic and deft piece of literary work. The light touch which makes cynicism gently humorous and human foibles almost lovable is never wanting. His persiflage is a bright and sunshiny veil for his sorrows. He is forever tinkling the lighter bells of speech, but their tone is pure and clear. They ring sincerity every time.

The elder Corey in "Silas Lapham" was the intellectual forerunner of Colville. Along this line the powers of Mr. Howells seem now to be developing. It is a precarious path for any but the most skilful artist. On one side lies flippancy, on the other hollow cynicism. The inherent truth of Mr. Howells's nature will keep him out of the ditch.

* * *

A GAIN, in this book, as in the love affair of the *Laphams*, he pleads for the application of common sense to the affections. In the portrait of *Imogene* he has shown both the allurements and follies of romanticism. The lesson would have lost all its force if *Imogene* had been made weak or ludicrous. But you never doubt her sincerity and lovable-ness, even when fully aware of her mistake.

This is the age of reason, and impulse, no matter how noble, is no longer the guide of life.

Mr. Howells believes in comfortable matches. And why not? If man owes it to the race to double his responsibilities in life, why complicate that duty with the emotional terrors in which so many of our novelists revel? Let us love rationally, and if need be have a board of arbitration to settle affairs of the heart.

* * *

A NOTHER of the old idols of romance is shattered by Mr. Howells in the interest of truth. For years we have been admiring noble actions as the result of simple motives. The mechanism of a kindly deed has been shown to us as something very easily understood. But in this novel the complexity of motives is laid bare. The subtle mental process by which a thoroughly honest man can deceive himself is exhibited with striking truth.

Such a study should make man charitable toward his fellowman.

* * *

COMPLETE the picture with *Mrs. Bowen* waging a brave strife between love and duty, with *Effie*, a well-bred child who is not stupid, and with the *Rev. Mr. Waters* calmly tearing aside the veil of New England theology to look on the face of Truth—and you have one of the best examples of recent American fiction.

Droch.

• NEW BOOKS •

FISHING WITH THE FLY. Sketches by Lovers of the Art, with Illustrations of Standard Flies. Collected by Charles F. Orvis and A. Nelson Cheney. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Puddings and Dainty Desserts. By Thomas J. Murrey. New York: White, Stokes & Allen.

Indian Summer. By W. D. Howells. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

A Conventional Bohemian. By Edmund Pendleton. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A CASHIER out west is named De Camp. Strange to say he has not yet bolted for Canada.

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

GENERAL HANCOCK died on Tilden's birthday, and Governor Seymour died on Lincoln's birthday; but Washington's birthday has passed, and Mr. Garland is still in office. Some men never know when to go.

HIS LITTLE LIST.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK'S list of writers
Has raised such a host of fighters
To defend the hundred authors
Whom they hold to be the best,
That the little list I cherish
In oblivion shall perish,
For "*de gustibus*," as Horace says,
Non disputandum est.

Still, one writer much respected,
By myself, they've all neglected.
But I'm sure I have you with me
When I solemnly aver,
That a plain and simple letter
Is unquestionably better
Than the writings of the ages—
When the letter is from her.

R. H. Davis.

SOME LITERAL TRANSLATIONS.

EXITUS acta probat—The exit proves the actor.
Finem respice—Look out for a fine.
Manu forte—A man of forty.
Manu forte—An ex-soldier (man who fought).
Post nubila Phœbus—Phœbus posts no bills.
Assez consent qui ne mot dire—Asses consent without saying a word.

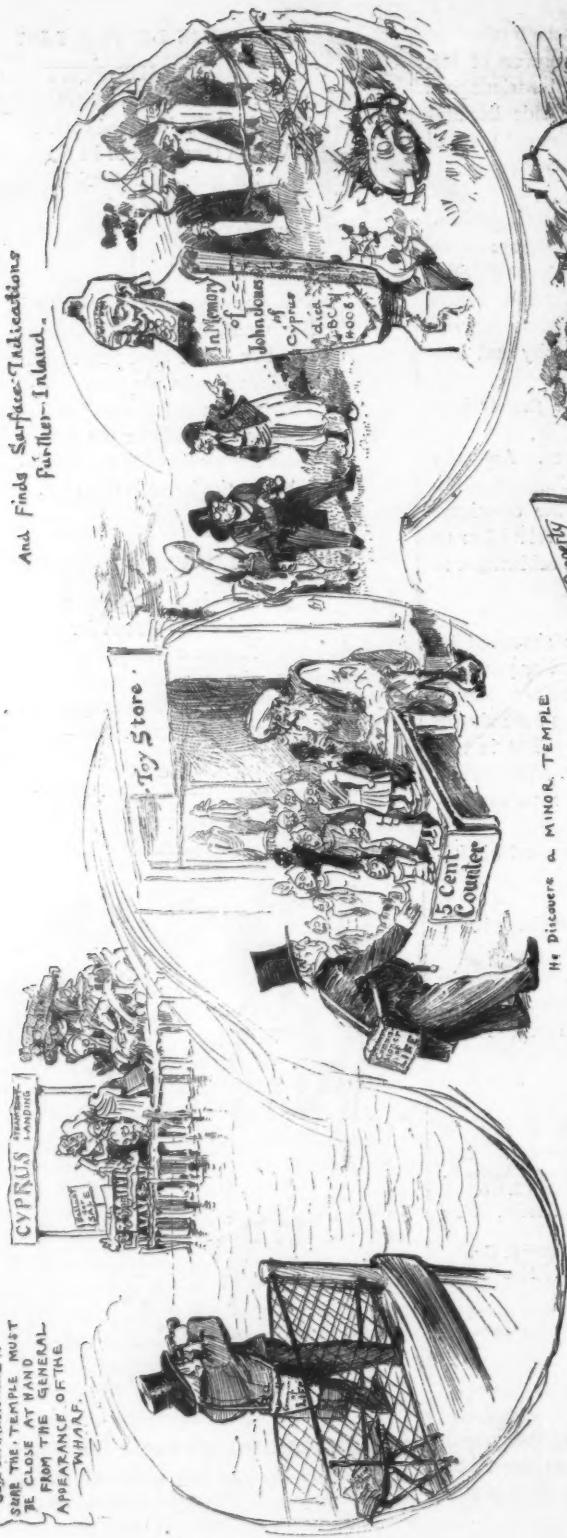


DEMORALIZING EFFECT OF PANORAMIC ART.

Jones (who has just been much absorbed in the Merrimac and Monitor panorama): I BEG PARDON, BUT I WANTED TO SEE WHETHER YOU WERE REAL OR PAINTED.

· LIFE ·

ONE COMMISSIONER IS
SURE THE TEMPLE MUST
BE CLOSE AT HAND
FROM THE GENERAL
APPEARANCE OF THE
WHARF.



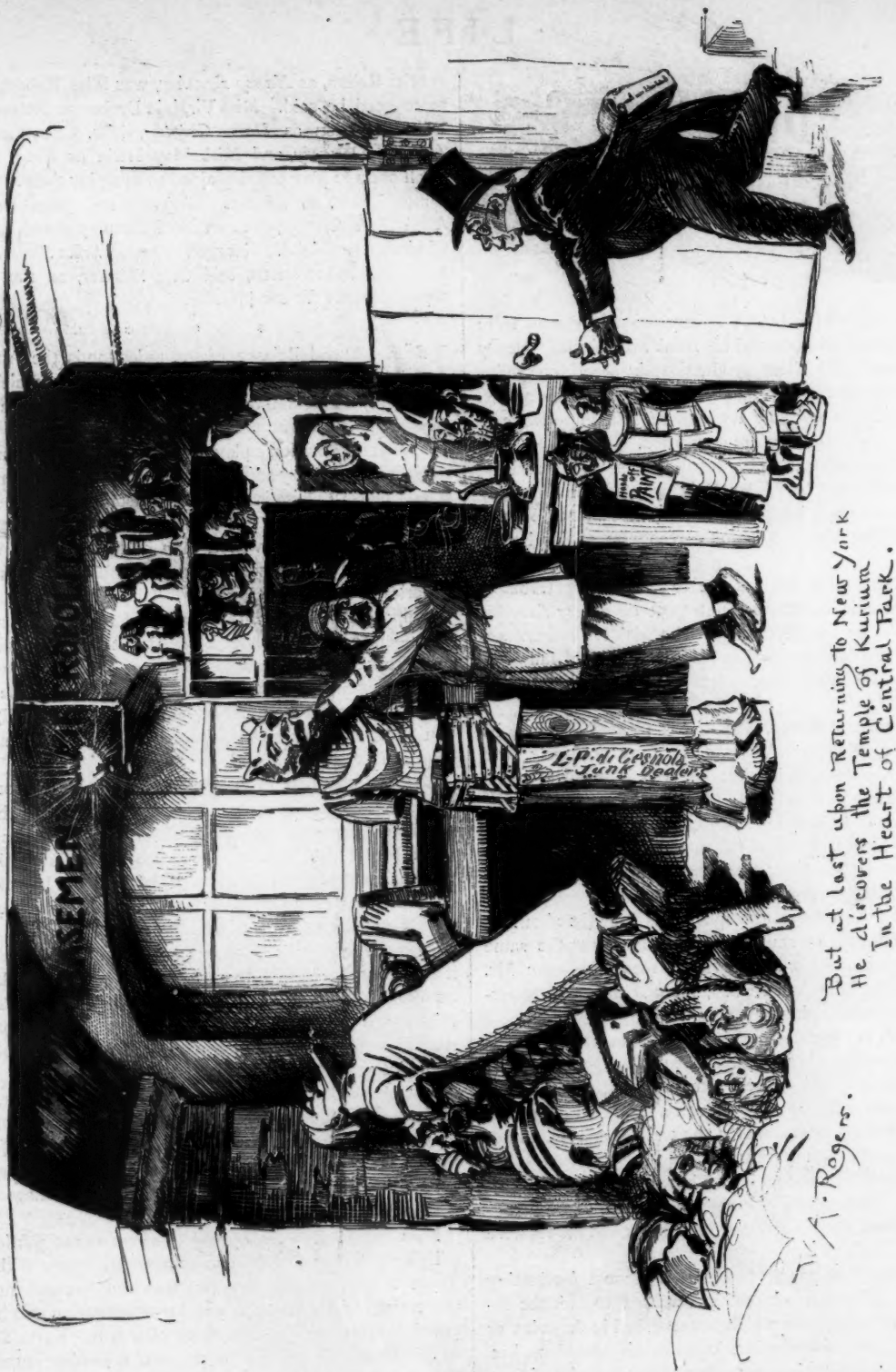
And Finds Surface Indications
Further Inland.

He Discovers a MINOR TEMPLE





But after weeks of weary wandering is convinced
That the Temple Never Existed in the Island of Cyprus.



But at last upon returning to New York
He discovers the Temple of Kurium
In the Heart of Central Park.

T.A. Rogers.

OUR SEARCH FOR THAT TEMPLE OF KURIUM.



MR. AUGUSTIN DALY'S inspiration may come from Teutonic sources, and his frank avowal that "Nancy and Company," his latest production, is based on Julius Rosen's German comedy, may prove interesting to a few. But the confession is really a matter of little importance as far as Mr. Daly's admirers are concerned.

With the period of the play set down as "now," and the locality specified as "here," Mr. Daly has produced a comedy which it is extremely improbable that Julius Rosen, Esq.—I was forgetting the Esq.—would recognize as his handiwork.

Rosen, Esq., must not ask me to believe that throughout his Teutonic country a counterpart of *Nancy Brasher* would even be understood. The dainty *insouciance* and the artistic delicacy of Miss Ada Rehan would fall overwhelmed in the atmosphere of sausages, sauerkrauts and "ach, Himmels."

Let us dispose of Rosen, Esq., if you please. He may be a sort of masculine Mrs. Arris, or he may positively have supplied Mr. Daly with inspiration. But it is not of much consequence in either case.

In "Nancy and Company" the situations into which all the members of Daly's company fall so naturally, and to which his admirers are becoming more than accustomed, are seen in a slightly exaggerated form.

There are the impossible complications brought about by everybody entering the same room, inexplicably at the same time; there are the always charming scenes between Mr. John Drew and Miss Ada Rehan; there is the comedy perfringe of the lesser lights.

Just a dash of "horse-play" forced itself into the first production, to be probably eliminated in after performances. Two gentlemen tumbling over ottomans and chairs; Miss Rehan slapping a hat upon Mr. Drew's head; and the confusion and athletic movements at the end of Act II., is not Mr. Daly's work, I am quite sure.

At the end of the act to which I have just referred there was a scene which nearly resembled the time-honored English pantomime. Only a few carrots, turnips and babies were wanting.

"Nancy and Company," however, is a most fascinating comedy, full of human interest, and written to suit the requirements of a company which is unexcelled in America or in England. Occasionally Mr. Daly, in his situations, has meandered apparently involuntarily to the brink of riskiness; but he hurries away from it absolutely unhurt, and the audience are hardly aware where they have been led.

Miss Rehan, as *Nancy Brasher*, was Miss Rehan, and no more need be said. Miss Virginia Dreher as *Oriana*, Miss Edith Kingdon as *Daisy Griffing*, Mrs. Gilbert as *Mrs. Huldah Daugery*, and Miss May Irwin as *Betsy*, all had small parts to play and disdained to overplay them. On Mr. James Lewis, as *Ebenezer Griffing*, and John Drew, as *Kiefe O'Kiefe, Esq.*, the burden of the play rested, and was admirably sustained. George Parkes, as *Sikes Stockton*, was somewhat monotonous, and Otis Skinner, as the gallant captain, looked far too juvenile.

* * *

IF Mr. David Belasco really understands the American public, he introduces us to a state of things which is so thoroughly abnormal that a committee ought to be immediately appointed to investigate it.

In adapting Sardou's play "Fernande" for the American stage, he casts every scene in England and makes every character English. There is no earthly reason why Mr. Belasco's adaptation, which he has called "Valerie," should not be purely American, or why a man of Mr. Belasco's evident ability should not do something to popularize America for American people.

Suppose *Sir Everard Challoner* had been Senator Challoner—since you must have a title; that London had been New York, and St. Leonards Saratoga or Lake George, do you think your audience would have condemned the play? And as the adaptation rested entirely with yourself, don't you think, my dear, good sir, that you might have made a step in the right direction?

You and yours are first to squirm at the stories a foreigner may relate of your country. But if it were not for those in whose footsteps you so blindly follow, those stories would never be told. "Valerie," aside from these objections, is extremely entertaining. It is well written from beginning to end; the interest never flags; and the situations are sufficiently unordinary to make the play successful. The somewhat pathetic story is enlivened by the purest comedy, and it is not thrown in with the careless irrelevance which is the custom of the day. Mr. Lester Wallack as *Walter* and Miss Helen Russell as *Julia Trevillian* make you long for their presence on the stage when you really ought to be glad, in the interest of the play, that they are absent.

Miss Annie Robe, as *Valerie*, is as charming as ever. One of the most artistic features of the play is the admirable way in which she adopts the French accent. She never forgets this accent, even in her most tempestuous passages, and it is hard to realize the fact that it is assumed. I have never heard anything of the kind half as good.

Miss Sophie Eyre, as *Helena Malcom*, is not particularly edifying. The methods she adopts are rusty with age. There is the antique wriggle; the time-honored nervous movements of the hands; and the antediluvian gurgle supposed to represent the swallowing of a sob. Kyrle Bellew, as *Sir Everard Challoner*, is not quite masculine enough for the part. Madame Ponisi is very amusing as *Lady Bettly*, and Mr. Ivan Shirley supremely stupid as her honorable son.

Alan Dale.



A "SHARP" FIGHT.

PRESENT CONDITION OF THAT BROADWAY RAILROAD INVESTIGATION.



MENE MENE TEKEL EUPHARSIN.

Charming Expert (to inexperienced toboggander, of Chippendale style of architecture): YOUR LEGS WILL BE FROZEN TO A CERTAINTY, MR. ILIUM, IF YOU DO N'T WEAR EXTRA COVERING ON THEM IN THIS TEMPERATURE.

I. T.: WHY, MY DEAR MRS. PERRY, I'VE GOT FIVE PAIRS OF THICK WOOLEN STOCKINGS ON THIS VERY MINUTE.

COLONIAL DRY GOODS BUSINESS.

IT was a very interesting spectacle when William Penn, the man of peace, opened his peddler's pack on the banks of the Delaware and began to trade with the Indians for lands. When Penn first accosted the Indian chief from whom he got the largest tracts of land, he asked the Red Man how he felt; to which the Indian replied:

"I feel in a Pennsive humor."

"Chestnut! you festive son of the forest," answered Penn, as he playfully chunked the barbarian below the belt and began to descant on the beauties of a pair of third-hand knee breeches which he held in the other hand. After an elaborate eulogy on the aforesaid unmentionables, delivered in the regulation Isaac-Solomon style, Penn knocked them down to the Red Man for 4,000 acres of fine land; and immediately worked off a fine-tooth comb for an oblong farm having a ten-mile front on the Delaware and extending back to the Pacific ocean. The peaceful Penn then traded a rat-tail file for two big counties, a frying-pan for the Schuylkill river, a pair of ancestral socks for ten thousand pounds of venison, a spittoon for a thousand bushels of corn, a lady's bustle for five hundred cords of wood, a worm gourd for ten stacks of fodder, and a jumping-jack for 20,000 feet of timber. The Indian chief was so delighted with his jumping-jack trade

that he offered to throw in a couple of his wives for good measure, but Penn compromised on a string of fish.

After the trading was over, the pipe of peace was smoked around the council-fire, and music was furnished by the Indian band, the instruments used being a plankiphone, a tinpanola and a barreletta. After a few innocent games, such as "Hunting the Thimble" and "Kissing in the Ring," in which Penn had to kiss an old squaw two hundred years old, the whole crowd, whites and reds, retired and had a delightful night's rest. On the following morning the Indian chief announced that during the night he dreamed that Penn had given him a bootjack; and that, according to the traditions of the tribe, Penn was in honor bound to make the dream come true. Penn "forked over" the bootjack without complaining; but on the following night he dreamed that the Indians had given him fifty thousand acres of land on the upper Delaware; and of course the barbarians had to make the dream come true.

Penn was very kind to the Indians; and when he had traded with them till most of them were in the poor-house, he used to send them various nice little presents and souvenirs.

J. A. Macon.

IN the class-room:

"Master B.," asks the professor, "what member of the animal creation shows the greatest attachment to man?"

Master B., after reflecting:

"The leech."

A VERY EXPENSIVE CANE—Hurricane.



Undertaker: WELL, MIKE, HAVE YOU A PLACE?

Mike: YES, SOR. OI'M GOIN' TER WORK BEYANT, ON THE NEW ACQUEDUCT.

Undertaker: AH! THEN I'LL SEE YOU LATER.



NOT SIGNED.

AUCTIONEER: Now, gentlemen, what shall I say for this magnificent and authentic Paul Veryoneasy? Come, start it at something.

Old Gentleman: Do n't see the painter's name to it anywhere, mister.

Auctioneer: Of course not. A picture like that does n't want signing; it stands on its merits. No bid? Pass it in, John, and bring out the next. Now, gentlemen, here is a superb Landseer by the same hand— (Tableau.)—*Melbourne Punch*.

AMONG the replies to an advertisement of a musical committee for "a candidate as organist, music-teacher," etc., was the following one: "Gentlemen, I noticed your advertisement for an organist and music-teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years, I offer you my services."—*Musical Courier*.

DISCRIMINATION.

A YOUNG woman who is not afraid of her convictions lives in a house where Methodism is the prevailing creed. One day not long since the dominie who has the care of souls in that particular family came to make a pastoral visit.

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